POETRY

1/6d.

SUMMER, 1939.

QUARTERLY

(Incorporating POETRY STUDIES, founded in 1933).

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1968

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SUMMER, 1939. **Vol. I.—No. 2.**

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Two issues of Poetry Quarterly were published in 1939. No copies of the first issue from 1939 exist today, all having been destroyed shortly after publication.

C. Wrey Gardiner

Passed for Press

C. Wrey Gardiner

17.10.68

RESULT OF LAST QUARTERLY COMPETITION

———o———

The cash prize of One Guinea was won by Francis Dunbar-Marshall, for his poem " The Visitors." Three poets came next with equal votes—Roy Salter; Kathleen M. Hughes, and Leonard Clark. The following also received equal votes—Marion Peacock ; Josepha Grace ; John Tompkins ; May I. E. Dolphin ; Edward Lowbury, and E. Odwyn Jones. Lastly came the following—C. Wrey Gardiner ; Michael G. Blakeway ; F. Rushton Ablett ; Hilda Skae ; Edith A. Vassie ; Leonard Inkster ; Capt. E. Aylmer Lugard ; Barry Corke ; Frances W. Thornton ; A. W. Barton, and Elizabeth J. Walsh. Book prizes have been awarded.

These quarterly competitions continue, and every reader is invited to make a choice of the best lyric, sonnet or free verse published in the current issue. After the enclosed voting slip is filled in, it should be posted to the address marked thereon. The poet receiving the highest number of votes will be awarded a cash prize of One Guinea, but only original verse from those on our regular mailing lists will be eligible. A book prize is given in consideration of a minimum twelve votes recorded in these competitions.

In addition to these quarterly competitions, the Twenty-Dollar Competition holds good for 1939, and each poem of the four quarterly issues of the year will be read and judged by someone well-known in the World of Letters. Lord Alfred Douglas was the judge one year, and Miss Beatrice Chase (the Dartmoor novelist) another year. One winner of the Twenty Dollars was a Dr. Wade Oliver, of New York ; another, a Miss P. D. Warwick, of Newark, Notts.

EDITORIAL

It is a source of great satisfaction that the first issue of POETRY QUARTERLY has had such a magnificent reception from public and press, and we cannot do better than to quote from just a few of the appreciative letters we have received :

"May I say how much I like the production of your Quarterly." *From a reader in Cumberland.*

"I thank you for sending me POETRY QUARTERLY—a very splendid magazine. I have read poems of Aubrey Lees and Ruth Hinder in Northern-Weekly Gazette, to which I have frequently contributed. I like their poems in this issue very much—indeed, the whole Quarterly is a poetic treat." *From Dover, Kent.*

"I was pleased and cheered to get the POETRY QUARTERLY (I like the new title)." *From Nice, France.*

"I have greatly enjoyed the POETRY QUARTERLY, which contains in my opinion a most interesting collection of poems—all of them good. *A reader in London, S.W.*10.

"I approve of the new style and name of what is now POETRY QUARTERLY." *From Sidmouth, Devon.*

"May I congratulate you on this new development. *From Sussex.*

"Congratulations on the new Magazine." *From Scotland.*

"I like the Magazine very much, and always look forward to it coming." *From Eastbourne.*

"I do like the new form of POETRY QUARTERLY, and think it much better than of old." *From Northumberland.*

"I have read POETRY QUARTERLY with the greatest interest and pleasure, and find that it is one of the best magazines of its kind." *From Peking, China.*

"I was a very early contributor to 'Poetry Studies' and hope to be also an early contributor to POETRY QUARTERLY." *From Notts.*

"Thank you very much for POETRY QUARTERLY, which I have enjoyed exceedingly, and like very much in its new form." *From Worcestershire.*

The Incentive of Progress to the Creative Mind in Poetry

By

ELIZABETH J. WALSH

Mystery surrounds any creative art, and particularly in the case of the poet. The incentive to create is something in man which is entirely himself, although the inclination can be inherited the expression must belong to the individual mind, revealing the poet's character, and outlook, and be tempered by the age in which that mind lives, and governed, if only sub-consciously, by the current economic and political problems.

The creative poet must find the medium by which his thoughts and insight into such subjects can best be expressed, or by which the minds of his generation can be inspired to see the spiritual in the face of nature. In many cases the conflicting elements of the natural and the spiritual provide the poet with material for his work, and in the case of the reformative poet the injustice in all ages to some portion of the community inflames his mind, and causes him to destroy before re-building his theme.

In looking back to the stormy youth of the British Isles one can see the manner by which the constant interchange of races enriched her literature, and how by borrowing new ideas, new ideals, new language, and new meaning to life itself, the contemporary writer made them his own, and interpreted the best in each to suit his times; so one finds the glowing colour of the Renaissance period deepening into the growing life of the Elizabethan, and the struggles of the Stuarts, in which the man of letters was also the man of action : so also one finds that the 18th and 19th century writer was marking time for another age of transition, that age in which the present generation are reconstructing their lives as a result of mechanism.

The man who cares little for writing as an art finds

his chance of providing ready made thought through channels that are not strictly literature, this is not only because printing has become so much easier by progress, but because man has greater power over space and time than ever before, and in his efforts to save the minutes he is losing his aptitude for thinking things out for himself, prefering to read printed matter to gathering facts first hand, and piecing them together. In this the poet does not give the help he might, for there is no reason why the serious writer cannot improve the popular reading material of the day by writing of his re-actions to activity, rather than of his reflections to the passive, as was the custom of the last century.

To a certain extent this is being done by some of the poets to-day, who are endeavouring to attract the people back to the reading of poetry, and poetic novels, by using modern phrasing with just that spice of excitement and speed required by the minds of the 20th century.

In doing so the poet often is censured by those who love the old, and distrust the new as pandering to the evils in progress by mechanism alone, those who think in this manner should remind themselves that in being up-to-date the poet is himself following tradition for such men as Chaucer, and many other great writers, varied their verse forms to their own needs for the peoples' good.

Many poetry lovers will challenge the statement that there is greater scope for the poet now, than in the past, but in thinking it over they must agree that the medium of the film is one which many good writers have not yet explored, and it is seen in a recent film to be an excellent means of expressing poetry in blank-verse, or simple construction. Then there is that ever-growing child, the B.B.C. on whose wave-lengths some interesting talks were given on poetry not long ago. For both these branches a certain amount of work is needed on the writer's part to learn the technique, and the properties at his disposal, which once learnt would prove an excellent helpmate throughout his career.

An argument one hears against these forms of

commercial art is that the poet is first and foremost an individual, and that he would not be true to his ideals if he were to let his personality be over-ruled by the producers, and the answer seems to be that if the poet is a true follower of his craft he would be able to use the opportunities given him, and yet leave his own mark on the work, and with his gradual influence over these branches of entertainment dominate the peoples' minds, and lead their taste for literature as an art through the difficult stages of progress, till the whole becomes richer for the writer's excursions into the realms of mechanised amusements, and the achievement an incentive to the creative minds of the future.

J. M. STUART-YOUNG

It is with profound regret that we have to record the passing of a great friend. J. M. Stuart-Young, Ph.D., Author, Poet, Philosopher, Trader, Palm Oil Ruffian, died at Port Harcourt, Nigeria, W.C.A., May 27, 1939. Buried as "Odeziaku," the entire people of Onitsha and the neighbouring towns turned out and performed the Native customary funeral obsequies from morning till late in the night. The funeral drums boomed throughout the town, and the young men sounded the "Ogene." "Such a demonstration of affection has never in the history of this land," writes West African Pilot, "been given to a European." He was a frequent contributor to Channing Press publications from 1924 onwards.

THE EDITORS.

RURAL GRAVEYARD

Quietness and Sabbath peace
Permeate this grave-marked field;
Here the silent sleepers yield
To the gentle spell of trees

Under wind and slanting sun.
Margaret with but their name
Now to signify their claim
To deeds valorously done

Lies beside her soldiers sleeping;
Son and son's sire—each has found
Rest from conflict in the ground
Where the fibrous roots are creeping.

If a dream should waken her
Of an Enoch Arden lover
Drowned for love, the grass would cover
Lids that memories might stir.

MABEL POSEGATE

EGOTIST

Strange that you ask so much of life
for self,
demanding equally of power
and pelf.—
And Fame you harness to obey
your will!
May not another ask of her
"Stand still
beside me for a little while?"
and set
our standards to fair skies without
regret?
But, no! you garner all within
life's scope
leaving to us no smallest shred
of hope,—
except we answer to your beck
and nod!
Your own illusion makes of you
a god!

THERE WILL NOW BE AN INTERVAL . . .

She runs from the hills with the dew still on them,
She runs from the forest green-flaked with the dawn,
From the sleepy river rippling lightly,
Dryad-limbed with the speed of a fawn.

A time was when I knew her, could capture her glance,
Keep pace with her frolic, as she ran from the meadows,
Laughing, answer her laughter in the wind of the morning,
Whirl leaves plucked from brambles into some mad wind-dance.

I would steal away from the dream-clouded uplands
Beyond the boundaries of night
To the valleys and streams of a new world she showed me
Which lies beyond all star-flung light.

But that was in another time, in an interval of death,
Before I came back for another act;
And when I next enter that antechamber,
I shall, perhaps, have time to see her,
She who has seen the play before.

RONALD F. HACKER

IMMANUEL

God is here
Though we may know it not.
The jangled lives of men may crowd him far
To pencilled fringe and barren curbs of earth.
But there He is,—
The promise of a richer life;
A boon to all whose eyes can see
A star, and listen through the din of life
To Word which woos the wounded spirit
Back to God—
And Peace.

JOHN GRAY RHIND

THE KNIGHT

He wore no silver armour, nor did ride,
A horse, seeking adventure, far and wide;
He had no castle, no grand hall, where he
Might show to all, his true nobility.

He was not young, he was not handsome,—yet,
His life was one where gentleness was set
In hand with strength; a golden union, true;
He had known suffering and sorrow, too.

Honour was dear and sacred in his sight,
And patience was his lamp, a steady light
To gladden many a weary traveller's way,
And he was just, and not too proud to pray.

And yet he was not dull, for he could smile
And laugh with those around him all the while;
Tho' old, his heart was young, and joy, a creed;
He was a very perfect knight indeed.

A faithful captain of his soul was he,
Who wrought good deeds, not for the world to see;
With understanding, o'er Life's path he trod,
And those who knew him, felt he was of God.

DOREEN C. WATTS

WINTER NIGHT

Rain on the roof ; the dull monotonous sound
Of rain that drips from the eaves to the frozen ground.
A wasted winter rain no flower hears;
Rain on a roof that covers a rain of tears.

HARRIET DALE RICHARDSON

RENUNCIATION

It were as if I lay
In duty bound, to stay
    My heart's distress,
That must not unto her
Be known, lest I should err
    In my madness.

She is more lovely than
The sunrise. When she began
    To smile on me,
It was my sun did rise,
And mine the sweet surprise
    Of knowing beauty.

She is so kind, so kind;
But since her heart's inclined
    Elsewhere, I'll show
Nothing, nor ever try,
To steel by word or sigh,
    Another's vow.

HARRY SUTCLIFFE

QUIETUDE

Movement seems magical upon the bay,
  Where boats glide soundlessly.
And easily the gulls sweep on their way,
  As wings could never wearied be.

The clouds sail silently on the blue sky,
  Spell-bound in the same trance; 'twould seem
As if no blustering storm could ever spy
  This sleeping spot, and break its dream.

FLORENCE M. BRADFORD

BRIGHT APRIL

Your singing ways have been extolled
Bright April, I
Shall speak to-day but of your light
That clear and high

The dawn picks out in mystic hours
Of morning, tell
Of hills transformed by painted skies
As day time fell

Out of your clouds and I will point
When sun's new minted gold is warmth's
Life-giving boon.
The April noon

I will proclaim the tints in rain
Your beauty knows
As irridescent over fields
Its silver flows.

Strange loveliness of April nights
Caught in moon's net
To wordless necromancy, I
Shall not forget.

GEORGE ELLISTON

I SHALL KEEP FAITH

Deep in my heart an ark is set
To hold your confidence—
A holy thing which I shall shield
Through evil circumstance.

MARIE DAVIESS WARREN BECKNER

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS"

They shall not pass the portals of my mind,
The enemies of thought that would destroy;—
The thieves and robbers that would effort bind,
And take away my courage, hope and joy.

They shall not pass—the thoughts of sin and gloom
That stain and darken in the outer realm;
Within my soul, love-filled, there is no room
For thoughts of ill to enter and o'erwhelm.

They shall not pass—the thoughts of hurts or stings;
For Love will meet and conquer them with love,
And brood o'er all with healing in Its Wings;—
Wrongs can not reach my realm of Peace above.

They shall not pass! Resentment, thoughts unkind,
Shall never use me, others to condemn;
Their loveliness I shall but seek . . . and find . . .
As I reflect the Light of Love to them.

They shall not pass—the traitors of the soul—
To me, or from me, in earth's little day;
For Love, alone, must guide all to the Goal
Of Him, Who is the Life, the Truth, the Way!

ISABEL WHITEHOUSE TOPPIN

AT DAWNING

As I go forth to greet the dawning sun
When all is over, race of life is run,
Oh, may I swiftly go to take my place
With head erect, a smile upon my face,
As I go forth to greet the dawning sun;
Well knowing I have done the best I could
While here among Earth's people, bad and good.

JOSEPHINE B. GRANDUCCI

RESCUE

The army of the Storm-King throws
Its might against the captive land;
But the Earth-Maid calmly waits,—she knows
Her hero is at hand.

His brightly striped bow is bent;
Swiftly fly the darts of light;
The phalanx of the storm is rent;
The foe is put to flight!

The Sun-Knight turns his smile of bliss
Upon the maid, and dips
His noble head to press a kiss
Upon her rain-wet lips.

FRANK DAVID HARRIS

THE DESERT NIGHT

Out in the desert darkness
Far, far from the haunts of men
I sit alone and listen
To the desert voices spin
Their tales of wealth and wonder
As the whispering goes by
And giant cacti fingers
Point the throbbing stars on high
Hark while the soul of Nature
So weary and worn with pain
Finds now her poise and her pow'r
In peace—of the desert again
Out in the desert—its silence
Is broken for ears which are tuned
To songs of the desert mother
Her lullabies so softly crooned
That—
The stars stoop down from their pathway
And the moon leans low with her
light
To hear the wilderness music
Of the wonderful desert night.

CORDULA M. HOOD

LITTLE SANDERLING

I saw you first when sunset's rosy glow
With opal tinged each wave's retreating flow,
And opal breakers rolled with rhythm slow,
Little sanderling.

There, probing in the water's oozy store,
You ran, each fresh accretion to explore,
So pale, so tiny on the vast seashore,
Little sanderling.

In each receding wave you ran and fed,
Then like a gleeful bather turned and fled
When the threatening breakers landward sped,
Little sanderling.

Food in the tropic Gulf's outgoing wave,
A nest on shores which Arctic waters lave,—
Alas! how weak am I, but you, how brave,
Little sanderling.

MARY O. EDDY

B FLAT MINOR

Our symphony is low, beloved,
The minor chords have bled
Adajio grips the heart, beloved,
Finale must be said.

The golden notes have burst, beloved,
Allegro has been sung
The crystal tears released, beloved,
The silver chord unstrung.

The muted horns are still, beloved,
The wavering flutes explain
Our symphony complete, beloved,
With final notes like rain.

GRACE CONNER HARRIS

SUPPER AT EMMAUS

Two friends of Jesus urged a stranger guest
To tarry with them at the close of day
And share their meal and overnight to rest,
For He had joined them as they walked their way.

But while He breathed a prayer in breaking bread,
They knew Him as their slain and risen Lord,
Who blessed them as He vanished. And they said,
"What joy this story will our friends afford."

They left Emmaus at that very hour
To tell disciples in Jerusalem,
Recounting how His words had burned with power
As He unfolded prophecies to them.

A blessing follows every kindly deed—
A sure reward for aid to those in need.

BERTRAM DAY

WHO IS SHE?

Who is she who comes on stealthy feet,
With milk-white stars caught in her raven air;
Who is she who hastes the dropping sun,
And sets the silver moon in motion there ?

Who is she who comes with lullabies,
With homing birds half-sleeping on the wing,
And owls tucked in her bosom's loveliness,
Her mantle weighed with dreams that slumbers bring ?

Who is she whose coming quiets the earth,
And sets on fire the sun to haste its flight ?
She comes on stealthy feet as shadows move:
You cannot see her, for her name is Night.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE WELLS.

From The Cornhill Magazine,
May, 1939.

REJECTION

My Friend,
I gave you all I had—my love,
With both hands you took it,
Whispered consolation,
Then tiring, furtive fled,
To leave me agony of mind,
And desolation.
I think that I may never love again,
May never know e'er more
Love's carefree bliss,
For deep upon my soul I bear
The living imprint of your last,
Light kiss.

VIVIAN D'WIT

PEARLS

Give me the peace of uneventful days,
That I may learn the ways of nature well!
Let them be smoothly strung as sheenèd pearls,
Too wondrous beautiful for words to tell.

Give me the joy of nature's peaceful years!
Long strings of loveliness, well matched with care;
Each from a fragment formed, and polished fine,
And each a memory beyond compare.

And when the days are slipping from my mind,
For broken is the string that holdeth them,
Let them be cast on high that they may gleam,
Pale stars of night, in Heaven's diadem.

PHYLLIS DULCE WARWICK

AWARENESS

Diamonds that drip from the trees at dawn
Are jewels of price to eyes that see.
Feathered songsters upon the lawn
To those that hear—are a symphony.

GERTRUDE SHEILA STINSON

BLUE HOURS

The minutes flow away like water
Into the oceans of blue hours,
Whose bluish emptiness and dreadful stillness
Make every heart beat sound
Like drum beats in a hollow grave.
This loneliness is chilling with its fears.
For slowly creeping out of the subconscious
Are anxious questions staring bold at me.

Where are you now
Who used to while away with me
The golden minutes of a love-filled day?

No word from you,
No sign, no sound.

The cold fear paralizes me.
I cannot read or work.
While minutes flow away like water
Into the oceans of blue hours.
I lie here still,
Waiting and listening
For just a sound,
A sign from you—
In vain.

OLGA LEE

REVIEWS

—o—

THE AFFAIRS OF MEN. Lassalle Ltd., 47, Old Compton St., W.1. 3/6.

One of the finest books I have read for many a day. It is a real human document, and having also served His Majesty's Civil Service before the War, I feel I should like to meet the author—J. R. P. Postlethwaite, C.B.E., whose work "African Roses" I remember reading with equal joy and fascination. If you are interested in the African background, you have seventeen short stories awaiting you that will surely rank among the best ever written around the Dark Continent. What more can I say?

E. M. CHANNING-RENTON

DAWN. By Olga Lee. The Popular Island Press, Peking, China.

This collection of love poems in free verse, limited to 150 copies signed by the author with its decorative Chinese ideogram stamped on the cover has the wistful fragrance of pressed flowers that have travelled a long way. It is easy to hear the pearls of rain pattering as the night creeps up while the poet listens for the step he is waiting for but which does not come. Though some of the poems are not improved by their too informal colloquialism there is in all of them a warm sense of living reality without which true poetry cannot exist.

C. WREY GARDINER

THE ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE & OTHER STAGE POEMS. By Arthur Row, Member of the Poetry Society and late member of Sir Henry Irving's

Company. Foreword by Sir John Martin Harvey. The Channing Press. 1/2 post free.

The world of the Theatre is a stage where the players are more than merely men and women, for there, in the service of an ever demanding Public, personal tragedies and comedies, for all their reality, must be subdued. If only because we, the onlookers, realise while demanding first-rate performances every night, that these are our fellow-men, we are always grateful for chance crumbs of the intimacy of contact with the lives of these our entertainers.

The grand spirit of theatrical artists undoubtedly endures after their physical bodies leave this world. These men and women, who by their very profession must have a clear perception of what this Life means, in all the varied circumstances of human existence, with its medley of sorrow, joy, deception, hope, trust and distrust, seem to endure or enjoy their private lives as a thing apart. It is subjugated to the interpretation of higher intentions.

Arthur Row has had the privilege of working with some of the finest men and women that the Stage has known. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, Salvani—the gigantic spirits of these figures pass before our eyes as we dream with the author of an age which is perhaps better symbolised by the Art of the Theatre than by any other form of Memory.

This little book is rich in an atmosphere of tender remembrance which will re-light the candle before many a neglected altar of Mnemosyne.

The "beautiful verses,"—to quote Sir John Martin Harvey's appreciation—which comprise this collection, together form a locket the touch of which can conjure up rich thoughts and visions of a few of the greatest actors and actresses of all time.

NORAH DE C. BEATTY

REVIEWS —contd.

POEMS FROM LAKELAND FELLS. By A. G. Barnes, M.A. Stockwell. 3/6 net.

Locked in day after day by the glorious scenery of the Lake Country, and happily possessed of a true poetic temperament — no wonder Mr. A. G. Barnes, M.A., has followed in the steps of the great Wordsworth, and given us these delightful "Poems from Lakeland Fells."

It is refreshing to note that the author follows the traditional English style, and it would be invidious to try and select even one or two poems "better than the others," for throughout this volume one finds only good rhyme and rythm. The poems referring to Death, and the passing of loved ones, in my opinion, are among the finest to be read in any collection of verse—deep, inspiring lines conveying "the simple and sincere expression in words of individual thought and emotion."

People now-a-days, it appears, favour the modern poets, but here is a book I would buy even if I were extremely poor—yea, even if I had to save 3/6, by putting aside the loose coins at the end of the day.

E. M. CHANNING-RENTON

THE PRIMROSE PATH & MERRY-GO-ROUND. By Edward Ellul. Published by Oscar F. Boehringer, 23, Leonard Street, London, E.C.2.

Here is a merry satirist. In "The Primrose Path," Mr. Edward Ellul rollicks through a series of images born of moods and glances.

There is no doubt that early impressions remain in one way or another the foundation of the language by which we show ourselves and our thoughts to our fellow creatures. Later impressions of education and life are automatically compared — favourably with, or even favourably against—the 'rules' of that "Grammar," and it is the result of that comparison which becomes our

thought and opinion. Mr. Edward Ellul, Secretary of the French Institute in London, has the advantage of seeing life in England from the vignetted view-point of a cosmopolitan, and in reading his works one is able to season for a moment one's 'bacon and eggs' with samples of the spices which he has gathered in a varied life.

He says that he likes to "meditate for ages" but the resulting verse would seem scarcely dry on the page, so fresh and spontaneous is the effect. "The Primrose Path" will revive you from a fit of "Crisis Dumps" as quickly as neat brandy will bring back fading life ..... and like l'eau de vie, the taste has to be borne for the sake of the result, for there is an almost cruel blatancy in the strikingly unadorned style of these verses.

In the 'kind of poem' as the author subtitles "Merry-go-round," we see again the diamond facets of Mr. Ellul's powers, in the combination of romantic and emotional interpretation with what "The Times Literary Supplement" so aptly calls "satirical exuberance."

NORAH DE C. BEATTY

WEST - COUNTRY POEMS. By E. B. W. Chappelow, M.R.A.S., F.R.A.S., Author of "Sir Hugh in Barbary." The Channing Press. 2/6 net.

This delightful and most lovable collection of verse, directly inspired by the solid, generous beauties and historical reminiscences of the West Country, should be read, and not only read, but owned, by all who have the good fortune to live there. Those of us who are less fortunate—who are either alienated West Countrymen, or who can only become West Countrymen during the brief spells when the choice is ours, will honour this little book by reading and re-reading it, until it falls to pieces and is patiently sewn together by frail thread.

Mr. Chappelow understands the very soil and stones of which he writes, and there is a depth in the simplicity of his style which charms the reader till he hears

the "snatches of music, low love-whisperings" of Bath under the Moon, feels the train "roaring down the living rails," and with the writer, leaves behind "the catch-penny, blind fever of urban men" seeing the familiar "Berkshire pastures," "The White Horse," Westbury and Taunton, until he is in—

> "The pixy-shire, shire of a haunted past,
> Lone Moors, lone menhirs, and I reach at last
> Red Dawlish and the glittering edge of the sea,
> Smooth Teignmouth and the blue bays of Torquay."

Here is a true poet and real poetry—I cannot recommend "West-Country Poems" too highly.

NORAH DE C. BEATTY

SUNDIAL SHADOWS. By Katherine Hunter Coe, F.R.S.A., Author of "The Loom of Life." Illustrated by E. M. Channing-Renton. The Channing Press. 5/- net.

Katherine Hunter Coe never fails us, and here is another of her delightful collections of verse, at times cheerful and fast moving, at others slow, sad and pensive—changeable and yet changeless as the river.

There is a strong personal flavour of human experience and thought in these poems, sensitively reflected in Channing-Renton's black and white illustrations. "Discouragement," "Gardens," and "My Heart's a Harp," are perhaps my favourites in a rich selection. I quote one, which seems to me to sum up the vague craving which gnaws at every heart in these sadly troubled days—and to bring a sane comfort.

TO AN OLD HOUSE

I came to live within your walls,
Came seeking rest;
But doubtful now my heart recalls
And fearful lest
The peace I sought so far and wide
You could not give;
But I have found by my hearth-side
The right to live.

NORAH DE C. BEATTY

VISITATION. By Alice Hunt Bartlett. Heath Cranton Limited, 6, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. 3/6 net.

Well known for her always interesting commentaries on modern American poets Mrs. Hunt Bartlett here gives us some poems of her own, most of them sonnets, written during a visit to Rome last summer. Sappho, a sequence of eight sonnets which appeared in the Poetry Review, though a well worn theme, is a fine poem by one with knowledge and love of the beauty of the Mediterranean world and its echoes

> The temples and the porticoes are dust
> Long since wherein thy glorious steps were led
> And many songs forgotten, and the Just
> And Unjust are but phantoms now, and dead
> Are many millions who devoured a crust
> And starved at last, famished for Beauty's bread.

The book closes with an elegy For Ethel, a dead sister. The deep feeling expressed with so many intimate touches of homely detail leave us with an impression of sincerity and truth sometimes too much lacking in the poets of to-day.

C. WREY GARDINER

WILD SWANS. Poems. By Theodore Nicholl. Duckworth. 3/6 net.

Although Mr. Nicholl can find his inspiration in a slaughter house or a coal mine, in the fiery sword blade of music or the bitterness of the human heart, in the sulphureous molten heart of fire itself, it is in the memory of past summers in Ungathered Harvest

> when we walked together,
> long waves of corn lapping our thighs ;
> lark's song falling in spray about our ears,

that it achieves its highest expression. There is something in the simplicity of movement in this poem with its note of sorrowful regret for one who is no longer at his side which is deeply moving,

but my grief is ungathered in the green fields
under folding of silent wings.

The short poem The Robin is a jewel exquisitely cut in the diamond hard manner which the technical excellence of this poet is able to achieve. With the publication of Wild Swans Mr. Nicholl, who is a kinsman of the late Sir Lewis Morris of Epic of Hades fame, has made a very definite and noticeable advance in his art.

C. WREY GARDINER

DAWN. By Christian MacIntyre, Author of "The Sacred Well And Other Poems." The Celandine Press, Balerno, Midlothian. MCMXXXVIII. 3/6 net.

The earliest hours of the day seem to have a special attraction for poets. Miss MacIntyre has called her volume " Dawn."

Though moon and star-time oft would seem
The happiest of times to dream,
I prefer when the dawn steels through
Then I can dream my dreams-come-true.

The poems are divided into two sections, the second dealing with more serious matters such as the peace of Europe, the reasons for not re-visiting the house or street of a friend who is dead, and the final Gravestones make more melancholy reading and are evidently the fruit of these latter troubled times. They show an advance in technique and the greater depth of feeling but as is so often the case the earlier poems are far richer in their beauty of language and thought. There is a frontispiece portrait of the author from a painting by Mr. G. L. Wilson who is the publisher and a poet, too.

C. WREY GARDINER

MY LITTLE BOOK OF ORIGINAL RIDDLES. By Patrick Braybrooke, F.R.S.L. The Channing Press. 2/6 net.

In this age we seek relief from our tense and hurried

lives in a variety of ways. Though we profess to seek rest from activity, it is noticeable that our hobbies are more often merely a different activity from our daily work.

The Detective novel and the Cross-word puzzle are examples of this, and those who enjoy this form of "relaxation" will welcome Patrick Braybrooke's latest book, on Riddles. The subject has not often been treated up, and the foreword "Something about the Riddle" is an excellent binder to the rich dish of conundrums which follows.

NORAH DE C. BEATTY

SEA POEMS AND OTHERS. By Doreen C. Watts. The Channing Press. 1/6 net.

Rather a sad little book this. The quiet wail of creaking rowlocks, the flap, flap, flapping of sails that would be free, the bitter smell of tar, the sombre grey of the deep sea on a dull day—these things colour the restless pages. I wonder if Miss Watts could have been a Mermaid in some former existence?

NORAH DE C. BEATTY

SPRING DAWN. By Mary Beverley. The Channing Press. 1/6 net.

Technique there must be in all forms of Art, but to the true artist this becomes part of the subconscious and his public is unaware of its presence as such.

There are a number of good descriptive verses in this, the fourth American contribution to the International Poets series, but, with a few happy exceptions, such as "Spring Dawn," "A Lost Theme," and "Imagination," the reader is too conscious of the poet's strivings —it is as though the painter left part of his canvas bare and one could follow the gradual construction of his work of art.

NORAH DE C. BEATTY

REVIEWS—contd.

SWAN SONGS. A Collection of Later Verses. By Arthur L. Salmon. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 11, Henrietta Street, W.C.2. 2/6 net.

Mr. Salmon's style is rich in its very restraint from effusion. There is a quiet, resigned and serene spirit running through this, his latest collection, that strikes a happy note in a world where Faith is shaken and where Doubt and Uncertainty thrive like dandelions—as each one is pulled up, another, stronger, takes its place.

Many of these verses are restrospective meditations of a personal nature, but this does not prevent their having a palatable message for the general reader. A great range of subjects is covered in this selection, of which I quote one poem, indicative of the poet's fine sense of feeling:

ALONE IN THE HOUSE

There is no-one in the house—but myself;
No creaking of the stair—but that will come
If I wait long enough and do not listen:
No empty house but has its creaking stair.
There is no wind to stir the listless curtain
With a similitude of life;
Each vacant room sends something to the stillness.
My door is closed; no visitor will come,
No friend whom I await;—and yet I know not.
Guests there may be that seek us uninvited,
Or come again after we have dismissed them.
Silence and loneliness steal through the passage
From each deserted chamber.
And they may summon other visitants.
How do I know
That there is no-one in the house?

A delightful collection of verses charmingly produced.

NORAH DE C. BEATTY

ADAGIO IN BLUE. By T. Inglis Moore. Angus and Robertson, Ltd. 6/-.

This is one of the most delightful collections of verse that I have met for a long time. Mr. Inglis Moore has

the ideal artistic combination of force and sentivity. He writes without fear, giving clean pictures and promoting healthily disturbing thoughts.

I read the sensitive title poem "Adagio in Blue" shortly after seeing an original piece of Choreography by a pupil of the Jooss-Leeder school of dance, entitled "Blue Mood." It was interesting to compare the two artists, the one from Australia and the other from Sweden and to note a sympathetic understanding of the colour and its interpretation in the minds of both.

In the section "Love's Praise" there is a sculptor's appreciation of the human form which is refreshing to meet among the trite morbidity of passion so often found acting as Art to-day.

The beauty of nature in Australia calls across the space of continents in "On Coolong Hill" while the wierd secretive music of the Philipine Islands throbs through the verse written in Ifugao.

The artist cries out in pain to see the power of Machinery, Business and the ogre Town, as they grab poor men in their huge hands. He shouts to his blinder brethren—

> "Let us be passionate as the sea
> Flinging its indomitable surges
> Multi-foamed, black, and viridian
> Into the white face of the flying moon."

Often the poet is scorned by his fellow men because he does not submit to this tyranny of the clock of city life; his proud, sad answer ends the poem "Clocks" :—

> "But I, who have seen great eagles of noiseless thought
> Wing sunward, storming the sapphire,
> I, with the red, warm blood leaping soundless,
> I can defeat them all.
> For their endless fusillades of tickings
> Drum vainly on my impassable
> Shield of silence."

This is a virile poet whose work blows like a fresh breeze into the stale air of city dominance.

NORAH DE C. BEATTY